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one anywhere who knows the source of "Though lost to sight to memory dear," let him at once proclaim it, and save from suicide a score or so of hitherto baffled inquirers in all parts of the world.

11. — *Two Years before the Mast.* A personal Narrative. By RICHARD H. DANA, JR. New Edition, with subsequent Matter by the Author. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co. 1869. pp. vii., 470.

M. SAINTE-BEUVE has discussed the question *Qu'est ce qu'un classique?* with his usual taste and discrimination, and subacidulous suavity. He has drawn his illustrations, as is his wont, from ample note-books, and has given us his definition of what is a classic. But we think he has rather defined what a great book should be, than given us the direct answer to his own question. His main qualification of a classic, if we remember, is that it must be "a book that has made the human mind take a step forward." But the word should be limited to a purely literary application, and then a classic would be, not a book that lives by some peculiar property, like *Gargantua*, or the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but simply in virtue of that pervasive quality which we call style, and which recommends it, not to this or that man, but in some degree to all men, though none may be able to give the reason why.

Shall we lay claim, then, to an American classic? If we did, we know of nobody who could put in a better title to have made one than Mr. Dana. For a quarter of a century his book has had an audience wider even than that of the martial airs of England. The boy sailor has won a place for himself on the same shelf with *Robinson Crusoe*. And how has he achieved this singular distinction? Not surely by the substance of his story, but by the simple and natural way in which he has told it, by the absence of all exaggeration, by such absorption in the matter that the manner takes care of itself.

But Mr. Dana was writing history without knowing it. Nowhere else can we learn so well what sea-life is (or rather used to be) to the sailor. And if time is to be measured more by change and growth than by years, his volume seems already to vie in antiquity with the *Periplus of Hanno*. He visits the western coast of this continent to find almost the same savage and unmanned shore, against which the first wave of the Pacific had broken. He saw what the seals alone had looked on for immemorial ages. He comes back after a score of years to find a powerful commonwealth, with a capital already wellnigh the match of modern Naples in population, and more than the match in commerce

of Venice in her bloom. There is something which singularly touches the imagination in the pages which Mr. Dana has added to his new edition. It is as if Sir Francis Drake were to look in again on the bay of San Francisco. Rip van Winkle is nothing to it. And we have become so interested in Mr. Dana's personages (we can hardly call companions those who went with him on his voyage to Dreamland) that we read the last chapter, as in a novel, to find out what becomes of all the characters. We are not going to undertake the supererogatory task of telling anybody what Mr. Dana's book is, but only to congratulate the new generation on a new edition of it, which we hope they will find as interesting at the first reading as we at the second.

12. — *The Relations between America and England: an Address delivered before the Citizens of Ithaca.* By GOLDWIN SMITH, May 19, 1869. Ithaca: G. C. Bragdon. 8vo. pp. 19.

BEFORE the war of the Rebellion, Mr. Goldwin Smith had been a quiet professor at Oxford, known to the outside world only by a few published lectures remarkable for their sobriety of tone, their impartiality of statement, and their simple force of style. On this side of the water his name was familiar to those who interested themselves in the contemporary politics of England, as that of an advocate of those opinions which are one day to form a common ground of sympathy for the whole English race. The questions raised, or rather forced upon immediate attention, by our war, gave him a more prominent publicity as an earnest defender of the Northern party, — in other words, of America as against Europe. In this there was entire consistency, for he was still maintaining the wise policy of not blindly opposing that steady pressure of events, no less than of opinion, in the direction of liberty and popular government, of whose inevitability his historical studies had convinced him, and of applying in our case the same principles which he wished to see applied at home. Mr. Adams, in his correspondence, had often called the attention of our government to the touching tenacity with which the operative classes in England clung to their instinctive sympathy with us through four years of privation and suffering. If Seneca could conceive of no finer spectacle for the gods than a brave man struggling in the storms of fate, we think we have had the privilege of seeing something yet nobler in those nameless millions enduring even the pangs of that last appetite, which most surely strips men to the savage selfishness of nature, — hunger, — for what they believed to be the common cause of that self-government in which they themselves were allowed no share.